

# The New-York Weekly Magazine;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

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### *On the CHOICE and REGULATION of our PLEASURES.*

**B**E prudent, careful, and conscientious in the choice of your pleasures. Do not imagine the first that solicits you to be the best. This is to do like children, who are yet defective in that which generally distinguishes men from the inferior animals, I mean judgment, and follow instinct more than consideration and reflection. Men are to distinguish themselves from children by the selection of their pleasures. Suffer no pleasure to impose upon you, to persuade or beguile you, to which of yourself you are not inclined; or which, according to time and your present disposition, you had rather change for another, perhaps some nobler pleasure.

One certain rule, that may assist us in the choice of our pleasures, is this: always prefer those pleasures and diversions which are at the same time profitable, to such as are simply pleasures and diversions, or the advantage whereof is very remote and almost imperceptible. In this view, the more mental pleasures have a manifest preference to the barely sensual. When I please my palate by well-tasted, or charm it by generous and racy wine; when I flatter my olfactory nerves by aromatic and delicious odours; when I delight myself in the sensations of a genial warmth, a refreshing breeze, or other gentle impressions on the organs of feeling; when I beguile the tediousness of time by honest diversion; when I totally unbend, and yield alternately to the sweet impressions of outward things; all this is real pleasure; but it is merely pleasure, nothing but pleasure; that is, sometimes advantageous in its consequences, but never of itself. As often, on the other hand, as I engage in useful and instructive conversation, or sensible discourse; as often as I contemplate the beauties of nature, or the harmony of sounds, or the works of art, with earnestness and sentiment; as often as I administer wholesome food to my mind, my sagacity, and my sensibility, by reading or hearing; as often as I employ myself in reflection or devotion, or in the works of beneficence; so often I enjoy pleasure, actual pleasure, but not merely pleasure. I at the same time enjoy a useful exercise of my mental powers, of my taste, my sensibility and my talents, and accordingly forward my perfection and felicity. Therefore continue no labor to absolute fatigue, till you are quite weakened and exhausted, and so force yourself to seek mere pleasure, or rather a not disagreeable inactivity and repose, for attending to your health or your life. If then the choice of your pleasures depends on yourself, and you may enjoy one as well as another without detriment; prefer that which by

a moderate employment affords you recreation and exercise at once; to that which barely gives you rest, and barely pleasure, or inspires you with new strength and vigour only in its effects.

Another equally certain rule is, let no sensual pleasure become a passion, if you would not run the hazard of losing your freedom, and of falling into the most lamentable bondage. He that indulges himself as frequently in sensual pleasure as he has the means and opportunities for it, will soon find that he cannot forego it without uneasiness and pain; and he who cannot deprive himself of it, without thinking himself miserable, will soon find it become a passion; that is, he will no longer be able to withstand the calls and allurements of it—will prefer it to all other kinds of pleasure, sacrifice them all to that one, and think himself happy in the enjoyment of that alone. And when he once is so far gone, how can the man still preserve his freedom? how will he be able to do that which reason and conscience in all events enjoin him to perform as the fittest and best? how often will he neglect the most urgent affairs, and violate the most sacred duties, for pursuing this pleasure which is every thing to him? how often will the bare want of this, or the impossibility of enjoying it, render him averse and unfit to any other exertion of his faculties, indispose him for any serious business, for any necessary employment? and how can a man in this situation be happy? Nay, the oftener he must deny himself the pleasure he so passionately pursues (and neither his own nature, nor the nature of other things and other men, will allow him so frequently to enjoy it as he would wish,) the oftener therefore he must deny himself to it; so much the oftener must he, more or less, be miserable.

Would you then avoid this bondage and this misery? then suffer not the inclination to sensual pleasure to get the command over you; allow it not to become so violent as that you cannot withstand it. To this end, accustom yourselves to abstinence from this kind of pleasures. Enjoy them not so frequently as circumstances and time permit; not so frequently as you have opportunities and inclination thereto. Break off from them at times, on purpose, that you may learn to be deprived of them without anxiety or vexation: merely that you may maintain the command over yourself, and the rights of your reason and liberty; merely that you may not become the slaves to such things, as you probably must, one time or other, relinquish whether you will or no, and the privation of which would render you unhappy.



*The DIARY of CHAUBERT the MISANTHROPIST.**(Concluded from Page 4.)*

CHAUBERT's narrative proceeds as follows.—  
 "When the English mariner said he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I despised him in my heart for his folly, but when he declared he was happier in his present condition, than in his former prosperity, I began to stagger in my opinion, and thought within myself there was wisdom in what he said. I looked him steadily in the face, and saw content of mind impressed upon his features; I turned my eyes inwards on my heart, and saw it rent with indignation, anguish and revenge. There is some profit in resignation, said I within myself; and looking at the youth, who had now again turned towards us, I recognized the features of her whom I had once so fondly idolized. Tell me, said I, if that youth be not the son of my once beloved Marianne, describing her name and person. I was right in my conjecture; my blood boiled with vengeance, and in the bitterness of my heart I exclaimed: Accursed villain as he was, who robbed me of life's only blessing! for his sake I renounce and hate mankind. You may indeed forgive him, for he only defrauded you of your fortune; towards me his treachery is unpardonable, for he seduced the affections of the woman, on whom my heart was fixed: but for that villain, I had been married to Marianne. Had you so? interposed the English mariner, then you have great reason to thank God for your escape, for a wretch more infamous than the mother of that unhappy youth, never wore a human shape; but let her sins die with her, she is gone to her account, and the happiest moment of your life was that in which he took her off your hands: if you will turn into my cabin, I will tell you her history. As he spoke these words conviction flashed in my face: I was ashamed to look up, for conscience had awakened within me, and repentance began to soften and subdue my heart. I followed him to his cabin, and as he discoursed to me of my deliverance, the blood that had been frozen at my heart, began to melt and flow within my veins. I passed the night in prayer and intercession. I will return to my native country, said I, and dedicate my future days to the service of God and his creature man: Shall this mariner, who in the very jaws of death blasphemes his Creator, and outswears the storm in which he is sinking, have the merit of forgiveness and resignation under real injuries, when I am murmuring and reviling in the midst of blessings? Man walketh in a vain shadow; he discomforteth himself for nought; the ways of Providence are secret and unseen, and who can find them out?

"In the morning I called for the son of Marianne, and discoursed with him apart; I found him modest, humble and resigned; he had no friend on earth but the Englishman, and to him he owed the benefits of a liberal education: he had been trained in one of the public seminaries in England, where their youth get the rudiments of learning from their masters, and the principles of honour, courage, friendship and magnanimity from their playmates: I bade him be of good courage, for that I would be a father to him. He replied, that he had already found a fa-

ther in the Englishman, and he did not doubt but that he could earn a living in the occupation of his benefactor, whom he was determined never to desert, and for whom his heart must ever entertain the gratitude and duty of a son. Oh, Sir, said he, that man must have an heroic soul; the injuries he has received from my parents can only be equalled by the bounties he has bestowed on me; and I trust you will not think the worse of me, if I determine to abide by his fortune, and to dedicate my life and services to that country, where I have found so generous a protector. The long repressed emotions of humanity now burst so violently upon me, that they choked my speech, and I could only clasp the gallant boy in my arms and shower my tears upon his neck.

"The ship had now entered the mouth of the Garonne, and after some time we found ourselves in the magnificent port of Bourdeaux; I landed with the master of the vessel, whilst young Lewis remained on board in charge of his benefactor's papers and effects. The first object that met our view was a gibbet erected on the quay before the door of a merchant's counting-house, and the executioners of justice were in the act of dismissing a wretched being from life, whose crimes had made him no longer worthy to remain in it: he had robbed the merchant before whose door he was about to suffer. My God, exclaimed the Englishman, it is the father of young Lewis! At the word we both sprung forward to the scaffold, and as we advanced his eyes encountered ours. Oh Chaubert, Chaubert! the poor wretch exclaimed, I pray you let me speak to you before I die.—My trembling limbs scarce served to mount the scaffold.—Father, says he to a Carmelite friar with whom he had been in prayer, I have yet one confession to make to you in the hearing of this injured friend: I have abused the confidence of the most generous of men, nay more, I have attempted his life by poison, and the woman whose affections I seduced, was my accomplice in the attempt. You may remember, Sir, continued he, the very day before you discovered our criminal intercourse, as you was sitting at your meal with Marianne and me, in the gaiety of your heart that woman gave you a large glass of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials; your favourite spaniel leaped upon your arm, as you was lifting the cup to your lips, and dashed it on the floor; you may remember, Chaubert, that in a sudden rage of passion, which you was ever prone to, you violently struck the creature in a vital part, and laid it dead upon the spot: It was the saving moment of your life, the cup was poisoned; a slow but painful death had been your fate, and in that animal you smote your guardian angel. The next day we repeated the attempt, but you was a second time preserved by a timely discovery of our criminality. Be thankful to God's providence, subdue your passions, and practice resignation; I die repentant; if it be possible, forgive me, as you yourself have need to be forgiven."

Here ends the diary of Chaubert, which vindicates the inscrutable dealings of Providence, and is an excellent lesson to those who habituate themselves to arraign his divine goodness and justice.



Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by  
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER II.—On FORTITUDE.

THERE is no virtue I would wish my dearest friends to possess in a higher degree, than that of *Fortitude*; and than that collective, decisive spirit, which rests on itself; and which enables us to see where true happiness lies, and to pursue it with the most determined resolution.

In all things, I would have you shew a *firm steadiness* of action: this is not at all incompatible with the softness and gentleness of our sex: on the contrary, it gives a degree of spirit to a mild, timid nature, which has too often the appearance of insipidity; it will dignify you in the eyes of every one; whereas a giddy, wavering, dissipated manner, has always the contrary effect.

In order to obtain this great virtue of *Fortitude*, it will be necessary to keep our fear, anger, envy and malice in such due subjection, as not to let them exceed those bounds which reason, and the nature of things prescribe them. I do not look upon *Fortitude* here in the sense in which it is often taken, as merely a kind of medium between simple fear and rashness; but I look upon it as the rule by which all those passions which arise from the sense of any evil or danger, ought to be guided and directed. It is by *Fortitude* we should guard and defend ourselves from all those troublesome and disquieting impressions, which outward evils and dangers are apt to make on our minds. And in this sense, *Fortitude* comprehends not only courage, but sufferance, contentment, and meekness, as it is opposed to its contrary vice.

Nothing can be more pleasant, than to hear an angry, passionate man pretending to this virtue, who has no more title to it than a tyger, a mastiff, or any other irascible creature; nay, even any furious beast could outvie them all in this particular: for as for that which is truly rational, and which consists in a firm composedness of mind in the midst of dangers and disasters, these *blustering* people are the most wretched veriest cowards in nature. The true *Fortitude* of mind consists in being *hardened* against evil and dangers from *rational principles*; in being so fenced and guarded with reason and consideration, that no melancholy accident from *without* can disturb us; it is in short, having such a constant power over our wayward wills, as not to be *fearful* in danger, *impatient* in suffering, *angry* at contempt, or *vengeful* under injuries and provocations: and, till we have in some degree attained this virtue of firmness, we can never be happy here nor hereafter; for whilst we are in this world of crosses and disappointments, we must expect to be encompassed with perplexities of all kinds; but if we arm ourselves with *Fortitude*, all the accidents which befall us (as says that admirable divine and great philosopher Dr. Scott) would be but like “a shower of hail upon the tiles of a music-house, which with all its clatter and noise disturbs not the sweet harmony *within*.” We lay ourselves open to the tempest, if we *uncover* our minds to them, by being moved to passion. Miserable is our condition, if we are utterly destitute of *Fortitude*; for of this we may be cer-

tain, that if we do not by *firmness* command our passions by the rules of *reason*, we must necessarily be subject to every little cross or accident that is perpetually surrounding us. We are like a ship without a pilot in the midst of a wide tempestuous ocean, the sport of every wind and wave.

Without *Fortitude* we can only be blown about by every blast, “as the stubble before the wind.” Christianity strictly enjoins us to practice this necessary virtue of *Fortitude*; which consists in the due regulation of irascible affections; such as *moderating* our anger and impatience, *suppressing* our envy, and *conquering* our hatred and revenge. St. Paul particularly says, (Coloss. i. 11.) “Be *strengthened* (i. e. be armed with fortitude) with all might unto all patience and long-suffering.”

And it is very observable, that all the virtues which are comprehended in this of *Fortitude*, are reckoned among the fruits of that blessed Spirit, by which we are to be guided; i. e. (see Galatians, v. 22.) “But the fruit of the Spirit is peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness;” all which are nothing but this great virtue of *Fortitude*, severally exerting itself upon our base affections, and directing them to those laws which *right reason* prescribes; and likewise setting such limits to them as are necessary to the peace and happiness of our rational natures. If you follow this advice, your minds will be elevated above the reach of injury; which is the most ardent wish of

Your faithful friend.

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ON SORROW.

It is the constant business of sorrow to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable traces of cheerfulness die beneath her influence. Sorrow is an enemy to virtue, while it destroys that cheerful habit of mind that cherishes and supports it; it is an enemy to piety, for with what language shall we address that being whose providence our complaints either accuse or deny? It is an enemy to health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigour of the animal spirits; and of happiness it is the reverse.

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A Description of Sir THOMAS LOMBE's Machine, for making Organzine, or Thrown Silk; the Model of which is in the Tower of London.

IT contains 26,586 wheels, and 97,746 movements which work 93,726 yards of silk-thread, every time the water-wheel goes round, which is thrice in a minute, and 318,504,960, in 24 hours; one water-wheel gives motion to all the rest of the wheels and movements, of which any one may be stopped separately: one fire-engine conveys warm air to every individual part of the Machine, and one regulator governs the whole.



*The following interesting and beautiful narration is translated from the works of the celebrated MADON DE GOMEZ, and said by her to be taken originally from the Spanish.—The character of the Heroine who forms the principal part of the history, is well drawn, and makes her appear amiable even in the midst of combat, and fighting with the bravery of a veteran. The whole is intended to shew in the most striking manner, the advantages of resignation, fortitude, and constancy, and to prove those virtues always finally triumphant over every attack.*

#### The History of LEONORA DE VALESCO.

**A**FTER the usurper, Oliver Cromwell, had confirmed his power, by the death of Charles the first, king of England, he endeavoured to render himself formidable to his neighbours, and to gain advantage by the divisions which were at that time between France and the House of Austria, and while he amused the Ambassadors of both these powers, with equal hopes of becoming wholly of their party, he was forming projects without the cognizance of either. There was also at the same time residing at London, an envoy extraordinary from the king of Spain, to whom Cromwell made proposals which had the appearance of the strictest amity; and tho' he was then sending out to sea a fleet of seventy ships, in which were contained eight thousand of his soldiers, the Spaniards, deceived by the caresses he gave their minister, were the only people who were not alarmed at so extraordinary a preparation; but how great was their surprize, when soon after they received intelligence, that these naval forces, commanded by Vice-Admiral Penn, were designed to make a descent into the Canary Islands, and from thence to send two thousand men to Barbadoes. There was now no room to doubt the falshood of Cromwell, nor that he had any other intention than to deprive them of the dominions they had in the West-Indies.

They sent several packet-boats to these places, to apprize them of the approaching danger; who being happy enough to arrive before the English fleet, made them put themselves in so good a posture of defence, that the others but in vain attempted an invasion. Being disappointed of their hopes on the Canaries, or Barbadoes, they took a tour to Jamaica, where they met with better success, plundering most of the inhabitants of Port-Royal. In a descent made on the coast of Buenos Aires, they rifled the house of a Spanish nobleman, called Don Bernardo de Valelco, finding it altogether without defence, and no other persons in it than Leonora, only daughter of the before-mentioned Grandee, and some few servants, whom they slew as they were endeavouring to oppose them, and took the young lady prisoner.

Leonora de Valelco was not above fifteen or sixteen years of age; she was charming even to an infinite degree; had the finest shape in the world; all her features formed with the most exact symmetry: Yet were the graces of her person far less to be admired than those of her wit, and that uncommon spirit and resolution, which in her earliest bloom seemed to promise those extraordinary things which her maturity (as will be hereafter related) was enabled to accomplish. She had been for some time

passionately adored by Don Fernando, Marquis de Padille, a gentleman well made, wise, valiant, young, and possessed of greater riches than any of his rank in all that country. The charming Leonora tenderly loved him, and Valelco, her father, waited but till the end of the troubles, caused by the English invasion, to compleat their mutual wishes, by uniting them in marriage.

The Marquis willing to signalize himself under the command of Don Bernardo, was gone with some forces towards the coast where Penn had landed; neither of them having the least apprehensions of the enemy's approach on that side where Leonora was left. But commodore Kerme, understanding that there was some considerable spoil to be gained, took the advantage of his principal's engaging most of the troops in another place, to try his fortune in this; which he did with such success, that, meeting with scarce any to oppose him, he became master of very great treasures in the houses of those persons of note who were marched against Penn. The moment he arrived at the castle of Valelco, was one of those in which Leonora with Beatrix her confidant, was amusing herself with discourses on her dear absent Don Fernando; which delightful entertainment being disturbed by the cries of her domestics, and the noise of the soldiers, at first could not but spread a terror on the heart of this beautiful young person; but soon she overcame it, and with a courage worthy of record, taking Beatrix by the hand, went down into the great hall, where she heard the tumult, and presented herself before the enemies with a fierceness which rendered her not less lovely, and inspired them with a respect which secured her from any insults.

But these sentiments of admiration did not hinder them from making her their prisoner with Beatrix; nor did she, seeing herself without means of defence, make any endeavours to resist, nor hesitate if she should surrender or not; but suffered them to conduct her to their vessel, without any tokens of fear or grief: Nor indeed did she apprehend much cause for either, not doubting but that her captivity would soon be at an end, either by ransom, or exchange of prisoners.

But alas! little did she know the effect her charms had worked, and that age of sorrows to which their too great force had destined her. Kerme was become passionately in love with her, and would sooner have resigned the spoils of a thousand cities than this more valuable prize. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, bold, enterprising, and vehement in his passions; but with all this, he was generous, and a lover of virtue: The tenderness which the first sight of Leonora had inspired him with, gave a check to the natural fierceness of his disposition. He asked pardon for whatever insolencies his soldiers had been guilty of, and assured her that while under his care, she should meet with nothing but such treatment, as should serve to sweeten as much as possible the bitterness of her captivity.

I am not at all terrified at the accident which has happened to me, (replied she with a spirit which notwithstanding had something in it more engaging than the greatest soft-



ness of other women) and tho' wholly unaccustomed to the chances of war, shall not oppose the will of my conqueror, while he preserves that regard which all men of honour pay to a person of my sex and birth.—With these words she gave her hand to Kerme, and suffered herself to be conducted by him into the cabin; where leaving her with Beatrix, he went to give the necessary orders to his people. Among other things he commanded them on pain of death, not to reveal the name or quality of this beautiful prisoner, whatever inquiry might be made for her: being resolved to detain the person of her, whose charms, he found had made an eternal slave of his heart.

This precaution stood him in good stead, for Don Bernardo de Valesco, being immediately acquainted with what had happened in his absence, dispatched a packet-boat to the English fleet, offering a very great sum of money for the ransom of his darling daughter. The Admiral took it into consideration and ordered diligent inquiry to be made through all the vessels for Leonora; but Kerme, whose passion was every moment augmented the more he discovered of the perfections of his charming captive, had foreseen the danger he should be in of being obliged to relinquish her, and had spread abroad a rumour that she perished by the hands of the soldiers, at the time her father's house was pillaged.

This report going from one to the other, and meeting with none who contradicted it, passed at length for current truth, and the packet returned with this melancholy account to the disconsolate Bernardo. But tho' the griefs of that afflicted father were such as are not to be expressed, yet were those of the lover infinitely superior. Never was despair equal to that of the afflicted Marquis; not that he gave credit to the tidings of her death: The agonies he sustained arose from a different source.—No, my Lord, (said he to Valesco) Leonora is not murdered; her charms have been her protection, and fatal only to her adorers.—Her conqueror is doubtless her slave and my rival.—Something within me informs me it is so.—The emotions of revenge, of jealousy, and wild impatience, which swell my troubled soul, will suffer me to have no other thought. Believe me, Sir, there is such a sympathy between us, that were she dead there would have needed no other intelligence than that of my own spirit, to send me from this world to seek that consummation of our loves in some more happy one, of which, her fate but flattered us with a delusive promise.—These words, and some others to the same purpose, made a very great impression on the person to whom they were addressed; and the first tumultuous agitations of his sorrow being a little abated, he made a strict search for the body of Leonora; which being no where to be found, he began to entertain the same notions with the Marquis de Padille, which in a day or two were confirmed. A young slave, one of his domestics, who had preserved himself by flight from the soldiers of Kerme, hearing they were returned to their ships, came from the woods where he had been hid, and assured the father and lover of the beautiful Leonora, that the subject of their care was carried with Beatrix on board an English vessel. Don Bernardo felt a satisfaction in the knowledge that there

was a possibility of seeing that darling of his soul again, proportionable to the grief which the news of her death had involved him in; but Don Fernando heard it with agonies which made his behaviour appear little different from distraction! He was now certain she was in the power of a rival, and the thoughts how fatally to his hopes that power might be exerted, were more terrible even than those of her death.—He swore eternal hatred to the whole English nation; and all that made him consent to live, was the resolution he took of revenging his misfortune on as many of them as should come within his reach.

Hitherto every thing conspired to favour the designs of Kerme: After the conquest of the principal towns of Jamaica, the fleet received orders to return to England, which gave a pleasure to this passionate lover equal to the grief of his fair prisoner.

This disconsolate lady finding herself about being carried into the country of her enemies, and having heard nothing either of her father or the Marquis, not all her stock of fortitude, great as it was, could enable her to sustain so cruel a proof of indifference with patience. Ah! (said she to Beatrix) how truly wretched is Leonora, abandoned by all to whom she ought to have been dear!—Was it for this that Don Bernardo bred me with so much tenderness? Did he seem to place his whole felicity in me, only to make me more unhappy, by throwing off all natural affection at a time when most I had need of his assistance!—Can he call himself a father, yet suffer his only child to be borne a slave to distant lands, without the least effort for her redemption!—Fernando too, whose vows of everlasting passion, not a saint in heaven but has been called to witness;—Fernando who ten thousand thousand times has sworn he could not live without me, he sees me borne for ever from him; calmly endures the news of my captivity; nor thinks my freedom worth the pains of an attempt. These words were accompanied with looks so lovely in distress, as might have drawn tears from the most barbarous.

Tho' Beatrix was naturally of the most cheerful disposition imaginable, the affliction of her beautiful mistress made her fall into a deep melancholy.—She knew not what to think of the silence of Don Bernardo, and the Marquis de Padille; yet rightly judging that it was not want of affection in either of them, began to reflect on every thing that might possibly occasion this seeming neglect; and having a great deal of wit and penetration, was not long before she guessed the truth.

You must not judge by appearances always, Madam, said she, the silence of Don Bernardo excuses that of the Marquis de Padille; for if you might fear the inconstancy of a lover, you could not doubt the affection of a father to whom you have been ever so dear. Depend upon it, there is a mystery in this behaviour which, in a little time, you will be able to unravel.—Yes Madam, (continued she, seeing the face of Leonora covered with a scarlet blush) the zeal I have for your interest, renders me too attentive to every thing that passes, not to perceive that Kerme is your adorer; and I doubt not but the passion with which he is inspired, has made him take



measures to disappoint all the endeavours your father and Don Fernando may have used for your deliverance.

If the suggestions, replied Leonora, which thy good opinion of my beauty occasions thee to form, should happen to be true, my condition is not the less miserable; and to be taken, perhaps, for ever, from all my soul holds dear, is an equal misfortune to the loss of him through his own inconstancy.—Let us, however, (continued she, after a little pause,) with care conceal our sentiments from Kerme; if he loves me, the knowledge that he has a rival so near my heart as the Marquis de Padille, will doubtless make him more diligent in rendering fruitless all the efforts that may be used for the procuring of my liberty.—I am resolved therefore, to leave to Heaven, the protection of my virtue; and without murmuring at my fate, attend the happy moment of deliverance.—To resign our desires to the will of the Divine Disposer of all things, is the most sure method we can take to obtain them; and if Fernando is in reality what he has ever appeared to be, his virtuous endeavours, and my patience in enduring, will doubtless be rewarded in the end.

With these kind of reasonings did this admirable lady fortify herself for all events; and with a resignation never too much applauded, heard the orders given for hoisting sail, nor the whole time of the voyage was ever heard to murmur or repine at the decrees of Providence.

(To be continued.)

#### SHORT EXAMPLES AND REFLECTIONS:

*Calculated for the improvement of young minds, by promoting the love of virtue, a taste for knowledge, and an early acquaintance with the works of nature.*

#### AFFECTION TO PARENTS.

A **N**amable youth was lamenting, in terms of the sincerest grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness and respect. So I thought, replied the youth, whilst my parent was living; but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.

#### TENDERNESS TO MOTHERS.

MARK that parent hen! said a father to his beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings? The kite is hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons!

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the heli less period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In childhood she has mourned over your little griefs; has rejoiced in your innocent delights; has administered to you the healing balm in sickness; and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.

#### GRATITUDE AND PIETY.

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour by a wise, powerful, and good prince. A magnificent palace, surrounded with a delightful garden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his sovereign's table; was invested with extensive authority; and admitted to the honour of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But Artabanes was insensible of the advantages which he enjoyed; his heart glowed not with gratitude and respect; he avoided the society of his benefactor and abused his bounty.—I detest such a character, said Alexis, with generous indignation! it is your own picture, which I have drawn, replied Euphronius. The great potentate of heaven and earth has placed you in a world which displays the highest beauty, order and magnificence; and which abounds with every means of convenience, enjoyment and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind as give you dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field. And he has invited you to hold communion with him, and to exalt your own nature by the love and imitation of his divine perfections. Yet have your eyes wandered with brutal gaze over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprung. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without one secret emotion of gratitude to the sovereign dispenser of all good. And you have slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that omnipotent being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity.

#### COURAGE.

BRASIDAS, a Spartan General who was distinguished for his bravery and generosity, once seized a mouse, and being bit by it, suffered it to escape: 'There is no animal,' said he, 'so contemptible, but may be safe, if he have courage to defend himself.'

#### CONSCIENCE.

THE Caliph Montaser having caused his father to be put to death, some time after, looking over the rich furniture in the palace, and causing several pieces of tapestry to be opened before him, that he might examine them more exactly; among the rest, he met with one which had the figure of a very handsome young man, mounted on a Persian horse, with a diadem on his head, and a circle of Persian characters round himself and his horse. The Caliph charmed with the beauty of the tapestry, sent for a Persian who understood the ancient Persic, and desired him to explain that inscription. The man read it, changed colour, and after some hesitation, told the Caliph it was a Persic song, that had nothing in it worth hearing. That Prince, however, would not be put off; he readily perceived there was something in it extraordinary; and therefore commanded the interpreter to give him the true sense of it immediately, as he valued his own safety. The man then told him, that the inscription ran thus—

"I am Siroes, the son of Chofres, who slew my father, to gain his crown, which I kept but six months."

This affected the Caliph Montaser so much, that he died in two or three days, when he had reigned about the space of time stated in the prediction. This story is well attested.



*The effects of Precipitation, illustrated in the story of the KING and the HAWK.*

I HAVE heard that a King of Persia had a favourite hawk. Being one day on a hunting party with his hawk upon his head, a deer started up before him; he let the hawk fly, and followed it with great eagerness, till at length the deer was taken. The courtiers were all left behind in the chase. The King being thirsty, rode about in quest of water, till having reached the foot of a mountain, he discovered some trickling down in drops from the rock. He took a little cup out of his quiver, and held it to catch the water. Just when the cup was filled, and he was going to drink, the hawk shook his pinions, and overset the cup. The king was vexed at the accident, and again applied the cup to the hole in the rock. When the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it to his mouth, the hawk clapped his wings, and threw it down, at which the king was so enraged, that he flung the bird with such force against the ground that he expired.

At this time the table-decker came up. He took a napkin out of his budget, wiped the cup, and was going to give the King some water to drink. The king said he had a great inclination to taste the pure water that distilled through the rock, but not having patience to wait for its being collected by drops, he ordered the table-decker to go to the top of the mountain, and fill the cup at the fountain-head.

The table-decker having reached the top of the mountain, saw a large dragon lying dead at the spring, and his poisonous foam, mixing with the water, fell in drops through the rock. He descended, related the fact to the king, and presented him with a cup of cold water out of his flagon.

When the king lifted the cup to his lips, the tears gushed from his eyes. He then related to the table-decker the adventure of the hawk, made many reflections upon the destructive consequences of precipitancy and thoughtlessness, and, during the remainder of his life, the arrow of regret was continually rankling in his breast.

CURIOUS FACT.

THE Atlas of 90 guns, launched during the American war at Chatham, had at the head, the figure of Atlas supporting the globe. By an error, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in. This part happened to be no other than all North-America, and the carpenter who cut it away was an American!

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. DIVIE BETHUNE, merchant, to Miss JOHANNAH GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. NEVEN WALSON, of this city, to Miss CATHARINE BOYLAN, daughter of the late John Boylan, Esq. of New-Jersey.

The particular Meteorological Observations for this week are unavoidably postponed until our next.

Results of METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for the month of June, 1795.

Mean Temperature of the Thermometer on Fahrenheit's Scale—

			deg.	100
	At 8, A. M.		66	75
Do.	do.	1, P. M.	73	26
Do.	do.	6, P. M.	70	28
Do.	of the whole month		70	9
Greatest monthly range between				
	the 1st & 19th		30	0
Do.	in 24 hours the 9th		12	50
The warmest day the	19th		87	0
The coolest do. the	1st		57	0

6 Days it rained.

16 do. it was clear at 8, 1, & 6 o'clock—These being the times at which I make my observations.

3 days it was cloudy at 8, 1, & 6 o'clock.

18 days the wind was north and south, or to the westward of those points.

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For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE WISE MAN TAUGHT—AN ANECDOTE.

A PLAIN American for travelling sake  
And having wife nor child to keep him home;  
Across the broad Atlantic's breast did roam,  
And to Old Edinburgh did him betake.

Now of ALL he while there did say or do  
It is not my intention to take notice;  
Because the folks who such description view  
May say it is impertinent—and so 'tis.

Let it suffice, that he din'd out one day  
With a half score of literary men;  
And wonderously their wit they did display  
To astound our good American.

Some told him of the Mighty Thing  
They did in London keep yclep'd—a King  
Who did all nations rule with potent skill  
And govern'd ocean with his will or nill!  
While others talk'd about Philosophy  
And told how scientific HERSCHELL's glass  
Shew'd all that in the Peopled moon did pass!!  
And brought the inhabitants of the north star nigh!!!

Such, and an hundred other marvellous stories  
In which you know each European glories;  
Did they unto their wondering guest repeat  
Who in return was going to relate  
Something of his own land—when one arose,  
And stalking grandly, as the manner is;  
Toward a map of SCOTLAND turn'd his nose  
And said, "What is America by THIS?  
"By that Sir" the Republican reply'd  
Askance as he the golden fram'd map ey'd—  
"Why Sir, we in America have Pools  
"In which we might douse Britain's Island whole,  
"And though your ablest navigating Squires,  
"With steady diligence, and patience meek  
"Might seek the wandering realm of their desires,  
"They would not find it in a week!"

PETRONELLA.

JULY 2, 1795.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE PRISONER.

SILENT I sit within this cell,  
 Silent I shed the piteous tear,  
 To the cold stones my griefs I tell,  
 Which soon, alas! must be my bier.

No distant hope to cheer my soul,  
 No loving friend to soothe my grief,  
 These curled chains my hands controul,  
 And cast away each kind relief.

Here deep! within these dark confines  
 No glimpse of cheering light I see,  
 The glorious sun resplendant shines  
 On every other wretch but me.

Grim spectres! sweep the horrid gloom,  
 Grief waves his bane on every breath,  
 Soon I shall meet the friendly tomb  
 Within the welcome arms of death.

Nature must sink with grief oppress'd  
 This horrid darkness fade away,  
 Soon I shall taste eternal rest  
 Within the realms of boundless day.

When haughty tyrants wish'd to enslave,  
 And rul'd with arbitrary laws,  
 'Twas I alone with courage brave  
 Asserted freedom's glorious cause.

For this I suffer in this place,  
 For this I wear these wretched chains;  
 E'en now the proud despotic race  
 Exults in all my racking pains.

Is there a God above the stars!  
 And that there is all nature cries,  
 This compensates for all my cares,  
 I'll find redress beyond the skies.

Faint from his lips these words were said,  
 Faintly he sigh'd his griefs away,  
 He sunk upon his wretched bed,  
 He rose to everlasting day. S.

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To the EDITOR of the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The inclosed Elegy has, I believe, appeared once in print, but is so remarkably well written, and does so much honour to the genius of one of our citizens, that I think it well worthy a place in your Magazine.

An ELEGY written by a Gentleman of this city, in memory of a Lady lost at sea, in the year 1779, on her passage from New-York to Halifax.

FAIR springs the gale, where yonder vessel rides,  
 Her sails unfurl'd are flutt'ring seen from far,  
 The young Alonzo scales her lofty sides,  
 To join his comrades on the fields of war.

The fair Maria, led by constant love,  
 The faithful partner of her husband's care,  
 With him resolves the treach'rous sea to prove,  
 With him the dangers of devouring war.

Unus'd to struggle through a world of strife,  
 A parent's hand had every wish supply'd;  
 But eight short months by Hymen crown'd a wife,  
 To want a stranger, in distress untry'd.

Her feeling heart, alas! did sorely grieve;  
 Her last adieu was choak'd by many a tear:  
 But love and duty call!—the wife must leave  
 A tender mother and a sister dear!

The fleet unmoor'd, before a prosperous wind,  
 A steady course with swelling canvas bore;  
 Maria's heart exulting hopes to find  
 A speedy passage to the destin'd shore.

Short sighted mortals! catch the present joy!  
 'Tis all that Heaven permits you here to know!  
 Soon shall mischance your brightest hopes destroy,  
 Nor truth nor innocence avert the blow.

The tempest howls!—the threat'ning billows rise!—  
 The vessel drives before the whistling storm,  
 Now down the deep, now up to Heav'n she flies,  
 And fear and sadness every face deform.

The bending mast is shatter'd by the wind;  
 The helm no more a master's hand will know;  
 Her comforts leave her floating far behind,  
 Dash'd by the waves conflicting to and fro.

For twelve long days the leaky wreck was toss'd,  
 Each hand and heart oppress'd with toil and grief;  
 No refuge near—all hopes of safety lost—  
 When lo! a sail!—the pledge of near relief.

Their fainting spirits are restor'd to life,  
 For see! the vessel now approaches near,  
 Alonzo goes on board—"Oh! save my wife,  
 And let her find a friendly refuge here!"

The boat dispatch'd receives the precious freight,  
 Fickle dependance on the stormy sea,  
 Angels of mercy, round the fair one wait!  
 Oh! save from terror and from danger free!

The helpless victim lifts her hands in vain,  
 The little bark in vain attempts to brave  
 The dreadful tumult of the raging main;  
 And lo! Maria floats upon the wave!

The frantic husband saw the ruthless tide  
 O'erwhelm at length his dear, his helpless mate,  
 And faithful Richard\* perish'd by her side,  
 His death imbitter'd by his mistress' fate.

\* An old servant of the family.

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## EPIGRAM.

WHAT's fashionable, I'll maintain,  
 "Is always right," cries sprightly Jane;  
 "Ah! would to heav'n!" cries graver Sue,  
 "What's right were fashionable too."